

ROYALL

P O E M S

Presented to His Sacred

MAJESTY

Charles the II.

By J. G. B.

1. On the Kings most excellent Majesties happy Return to his Kingdomes.
2. *Annagramma in Principem, Carolus Stuartus i. e. Arthur, Laur, Custos.*
3. On the Lord Monck, Generalissimo of all his Majesties Forces.
4. An Elegie on the Martyrdom of King Charles the First.
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6. On the Tribe of Fortune, the Rump of the Long-Parliament.
7. *In verba Caroli Regis dum fuit Hispanæ in illo Nasanis : Nunc notis adversa prelia fronte gerit.*

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Charles the III



Royal Poems.

*On the KING'S most Excellent Majesties happy
Return to His Kingdoms.*

GOME Noble *Phœbus* and in our Horizon
Shine, 'tis long since, that in confusion
We darkly grop'd, for want of thee, the Skye
Is now clear'd by the Heavens Deity
Of opposing Clouds, and now our greatest *Jove*
With *Mercury* expect, that thou shouldest move
With thy resplendant Rayes, to irradiate
Our long-afflicted and distressed State:
Come; We expect thee long, with hearty groans,
We can no longer brook vain *Phaëton*.
Now all Malignant stars are dimm'd save some few
Ill-bodying Comets, and a little Crew
Of the *Galaxia's* stars, all which away
Shall soon hence fall, by vertue of thy Ray;
Then, I pray hither, now, And properate,
Being invited by the course of Fate.

Anagramma

In Principem Britannorum Carolus Stuartus, id est. Arthur, Laus, Custos.

O Rex, ecce tuo quæ sunt sub nomine clausa,
 Arthur, Laus, Custos, quæ meliora, precor
 Arthur es ut patriam redimas, adjunctaq; laus est
 Quod tu Britannis sis decus omne tuis,
 Custos es quod Regna tua tutabere Nutu
 Quam faustum fato, nomen hoc omen habet,
 Id circo quid fias O Princeps fortis Erebo,
 Patres te invitans et bona fata, veni.

partis dicitur isis egypti nomen.

Vatem hunc prohibeto optimum qui bene conjicis Euripid.

*On the Lord MONCK Generalissimo of all His
 Majesties Forces.*

T Et much fam'd Egypt and the Eastern Coast
 Give o're hereafter proudly for to boast
 Of their Noble *Pini*, their *Ptolemies*,
 Their Warlike *Joabs* and stout *Machabees*;
 For now England to us brave *Monck* hath bred;
 Who doth surpass each man that ere did tread
 O're conquered Foes, for sure, no Age did see
 The like for Valour and State-policie;
 For as in Field he never did retreat,
 So by his wit he now doth such a feat,
 That ne're was known, yet selling without Blood
 Three great Nations, that in confusion stood:

All after Ages will confess with awe,
 They ne're so stout a Politician saw;
 Wit and Valour in him have made their seat,
 Both conjoyned for to make him great:
 Nor is he onely Polinick and Wise;
 But also Pious; for his Noble Eyes
 Look on the Widdowes Cause and the Orphans all,
 That were long wrong'd; by this brave General
 Are considered; for which, he shall be
 The greatest Starr, save *Phoebus* in the Skye;
 And this admire in him, bove each Conqu'ring man,
 That after all Conquest, himself he Conquer can.

Fortius est quise, quam qui fortissima vincit m'ia.

*An Elegie on the Murther of His Gracious Majesty
 Charles the first, January the 30th. 1648.*

*Quid sine Pectore Corpus
 Calum sine sole, regnum sine rege.*

What is this? How is bright *Phabus* gone,
 Our Joy and Glory from our Horizon?
 He, He, by whom, we were made most splendant,
 With splendour bright, full and abundant
 See, by thy fall, now all the World is grown
 To a disordered Chaos and Confusion,
 Without Head or Tail; all in Obscurity
 Are involved, none knowing where to stay,
 Nor what way to move, some Retrograde
 Like *Cancer* goe, others away do fade:
 Those greatest starrs, are grown exorbitant,
 Crossing each other; nor is here extant.

Any

Any order, now, or rule, but in this State
 Each as high as other doth (O! strange Fate)
 His own will, nay, here after *Phœbus* loss,
αἰετὸν ἰδέσθαι ἑσέα καὶ τὸν οὐρανόν.

Thus by the enormous, and excentricque
 Course of the *Galaxis* stars, our politique
 State is turn'd unto the *Cyclops* mode,
 But at this let none admire abroad;
 For this Land breed Monsters, to whom in ire
 Breathed from their mouths against us fatal fire:
 O Heavens high, how long shall these thus deal,
 And make such havock of the Commonweal?

On the Regicides.

(sic)
T Was strange, 'twas strange, and could nothing suf-
 These *Canibals* but that they must surprize
 The Head it self, and it amputate
 With such unnatural and deadly hate.
 Was't not enough for your base Guts, for food
 To suck of some Prime members Noble Blood:
 No, no, these Hell-hounds must chop off the Head,
 That on each part they may at once be fed,
 O greedy Guts, O Gormandizing crew
 Of ne're-fill'd Appetites, behold and view
 This Tragick Act, shall you hot Burning Coals
 Escape? believe there are no lurking holes
 That can defend you from the Noble hand
 That shortly comes here from bold *Neptunes* sand:
 Make hast to flie, O! Lap-Wings, this my best advice,
 From the Eagles force, or else submit most wise,

*On the Tribe of Fortune, the RUMP of the
Lång-Parliament.*

Come well-vers'd Augurs and Astrologers,
That by Beasts Entrails, and the rolling Sphaeres
Do seek for new Portents, run here and see
A strange, fatall, and monstrous prodigie:
For now 'gainst Nature, O sad Destiny,
All is hurled most preposterously;
The World is turn'd upside down, the Head now
Is become Tail, the Tail to Head doth grow;
The Worlds scum, Earths sons of Nativity,
(Then *Nile's* head more obscure) are rais'd on high,
The Nobles now depressed, every Slave
Spring from the Dung-hill doth the Heavens brave;
The Shrubs and Underwoods on high are grown,
The tall Elms and great Cedars tumbled down:
Now the Taylor is made a bouncing Dux,
The Country Idiot as an Orthodox
Though no Clerk, is unto the Pulpit gone,
And for Pence and Groats doth blaterate thereon:
Nay, the poor Foot-Boy is become a Knight,
Thus, thus, our *Peder* is made an *Eques* right,
O absurd accidents, saddle henceforth the Als,
Dephalerate the Horse, seeing it came thus to pass:
Oh, What grief of greifs is't for to see
A *Plebeian* Crew o're men of Majesty
To domineer, it is intollerable
To see Batts and Owls rule thus o're an Eagle
And glorious Birds; I am all on fire,
Not all the Thames can quench my raging ire;

Give

Give strength to us, give strength, O Heavens high,
 To rid our selves from such a slavery,
 O Tribe of Fortune, whose turn did evene
 To walk a while proudly on Fortunes Scene:
 Your turn comes now, and you with all be brought
 On the same Stage, shag-ragg'd as you ought.

In Verba Caroli Regis dum fuit Hispaniæ in illud
 Nasonis: Nunc notus adversa praelia fronte geris.

In se notum contra, oppositum pugnare videbar,
 Quondam temporibus Naso Poeta tuis:
 O Utinam contra opponens nunc robore mecum
 Hic notus adversa praelia fronte gerat.

*Nota quod notus a Nasone pro vento qui perstabatur noto sig-
 vate sumebatur, ab Authore sumitur notus pro populo qui in Noto
 habitant eadem figura, Contimens pro Contento.*

Henry Vaughan, *Gambro Brits.*

FINIS.

